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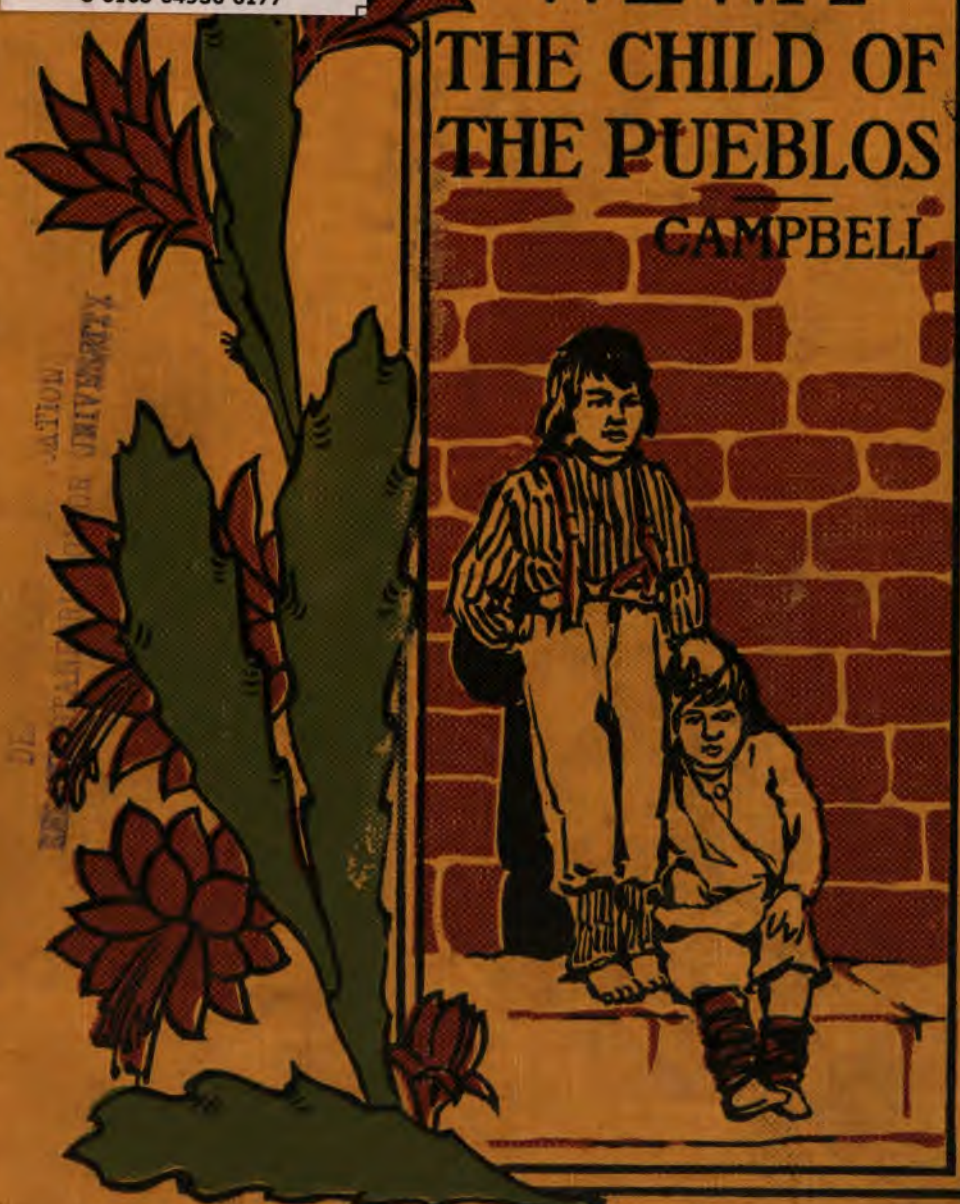

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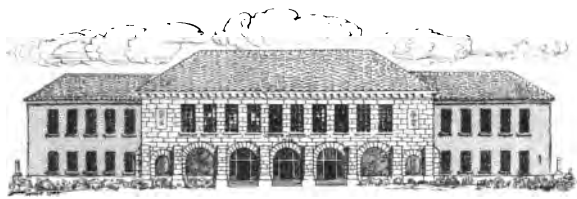

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Young Folk's Library of Choice Literature

Wewa
The Child of the Pueblos

BY

HELEN L. CAMPBELL

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WEWA AND THUR-BE-SAY.

STORY OF WEWA

THE CHILD OF THE PUEBLOS.

Little Wewa crept through the low doorway of his father's dwelling, and stood upon the roof of the neighbor's house who lived in the story below. Stepping upon a low stone bench, which was built against the side of the house, he leaned back against the wall and looked far off across the dreary plain.

Soon his little sister, Thur-be-say ("Rainbow-of-the-Sun"), came out, and clambered up beside him, dangling her fat little legs over the side of the bench. Wewa laid one hand gently upon her thick, black hair, as she leaned her head against him. With the other hand he pushed back his queer, big hat, which had slipped down so far, he could scarcely see.

Wewa is a sturdy, brown little fellow with keen, black eyes, and straight, black hair. Though he wears such strange-looking trousers, and lives in such a very strange house, still he is just as full of noise and mischief, just as ready for play, or for a day's ride on his faithful burro, as any boy could be, who had whiter skin, or wore better trousers.

THE PUEBLO WHERE WEWA LIVED.

Although Wewa has a brown skin, and his people are called Indians, he is really a pure American. His forefathers were among the very first settlers of North America, and the village or little city in which he lives is much older than any town built by white people in North America.

Long before Christopher Columbus sailed across the ocean and discovered a new world, little Wewa's ancestors were building their cities, and cultivating their farms and gardens. They were citizens of this continent many years before the Dutch sailed into New York harbor, or the Pilgrims landed upon Plymouth Rock. His people have been here so many centuries that all history of their first settlements is lost; no legend or tradition remains to tell us who they were, or from whence they came.

Nearly five hundred years ago, when Spain claimed nearly all the American continent, bands of Spaniards wandered across that part of the United States, which was once called the Great American Desert, or the Painted Desert. This great plain lies in the territories of Arizona and New Mexico. The Spaniards called the passage across that plain, the "*Jornado del Muerto*," or "Journey of Death," as indeed it proved to be, to many of their band.

Oh, those old Spanish explorers! How ready they were to risk everything — home, friends, even life itself — in the search

for gold and jewels, for fame and fortune, for Church and King! Wherever the King bade them go, they went; wherever the Cross led, they followed. Though we know now, how cruel, and treacherous, and greedy for gold, they were, we must still admire the courage and endurance that carried them through so many perils and helped them to bear so much suffering.

Upon lofty mountains, and in lowly valleys; over fertile plains and barren deserts; through pathless forests and beside swift, rushing rivers, was heard the tramp of their feet, and the blast of their bugles. On the hot, desert plain, or upon the wind-swept summit of the mountains, they unfurled the banner of Spain, and raised the symbol of the Cross. They were the first white people who visited that part of our country, and they found the ancestors of Little Wewa, living in the same towns, or houses, where you may see them to-day, if you will visit that part of your native land.

When the Spaniards visited North America, they found two classes of Indians living here. One class wandered over the forests and plains, hunting and fishing, and building their houses, or wigwams, of barks or the skins of wild animals. The others built towns or villages of wood and stone, and cultivated fields and gardens around them. Those who roamed from place to place, the Spaniards called "Salvajos," or "Wild Indi-

ans; those who built houses and villages, they called "Pueblos," or "Town-dwellers." These last are the people of little Wewa.

Pueblo woman spinning wool.

They were very thrifty, industrious people, raising grain and fruit, and making clothing from the skins of animals, and from cloth of their own weaving. For besides being the oldest inhabitants, and the first settlers, of this country, little Wewa's people are also the oldest manufacturers in America.

Long before the hum of busy spindles and the jar of looms were heard in the great factories of the eastern states, Wewa's ancestors were spinning yarn, and weaving gayly colored blankets on the queerest of looms. They also wove mats and baskets of grass and reeds, and the baskets were woven so snug and close, that they used them to carry water. Then they made earthen jars and dishes, and painted pretty, bright-colored patterns on them.

They were also great merchants, or traders, carrying their goods to other Indian tribes, and exchanging them for articles not found in their own land.

Over the mountains and barren plains of Arizona and New Mexico, along the valleys and mountain ranges of California, across the broad prairies of Colorado, Kansas, and Texas, are hundreds of ancient trails. These trails have been worn deep into the rocks and sand by the thousands of feet, bare and brown, or wearing soft moccasins of deer skin, that have travelled to and fro along these paths for many centuries.

The shells and shell-work, gay feathers, and stone arrow-heads of California; the beautiful turquoise stones, gay blankets, and painted earthen-ware of New Mexico and Arizona, have been found all through the Mississippi valley, and far north, along the shores of the great Lakes, while in the homes of the

Pueblo Indians, have been found copper from the mines of the Lake Superior country, and lead from the Illinois.

The Spaniards built chapels, and Spanish soldiers compelled the Pueblo Indians to attend their services, and listen to the teaching of their priests. The Indians were quiet and peaceful; they made no complaint, and attended the chapel services, but in their hearts they remembered their own religion, and in secret taught it to their children. But the Spanish rule grew more cruel and oppressive, and after nearly three hundred years of patient endurance, the Pueblo Indians rebelled against their oppressors, and drove them from their land.

Now nothing is left to show that once the Spaniards ruled, except the ruins of their chapels, the grain which they taught the Indian to raise, and the fruit trees and grape vines they brought to him. Sometimes you will see around the neck of some young Indian girl, a string of brown beads, with a little silver cross attached. It is the rosary of some long-forgotten Spanish priest, who taught the forefathers of these people, centuries ago.

But these traditions and relics of old times have little interest for Wewa and his playmates. They care more for the play and fun of to-day than for old-time stories. Wewa came out upon the house-top early this morning, hoping that he and little Arna, the boy who lives in the rooms below, will be al-

GOING TO WORK.

lowed to go to the fields. The fields are far across the sands, by the side of the river. Corn and beans are growing in the fertile soil of the valley, and the peach trees are bending with the weight of green fruit.

SWEEPING THE HEARTH.

Soon the men come out of their houses. The old governor tells each one what his task for the day will be. With spade and hoe and ox-yoke in their hands, laughing and chatting together, the men climb down the ladders, and start for the place of their day's labor.

Wewa's mother, and some other women of the village, will follow the men, in a little while, and prepare their dinner down in the fields. But first the house must be put in order, the gay blankets folded and laid in a pile, ready to make their beds at

WEWA AND HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

night. The hearth must be swept clean, for the women of Wewa's nation are very neat, and keep their rooms very clean.

After her work was done, Wewa's mother took him and Thur-be-say on the donkey with her, and they rode away to the

fields, leaving the baby with the grandmother. Arna rode with them on the little donkey he calls his own, and which often

ARNA.

comes to the door of the room and looks in, hoping to find his young master.

Slowly the donkeys pick their way through the rubbish of the courtyard, and descend the rocky path. The village is built

upon the top of the mesa. As they come out into the narrow roadway that leads down to the plain, they can see, miles away, another village built upon a still higher mesa than their own.

There are twenty-six of these quaint old towns, and the people visit and trade back and forth with one another. All around them lie the vast, silent plains, where only the cactus can find life and nourishment in the desert soil, and the rattlesnake is the only inhabitant.

For miles and miles the gray sand stretches out on every side. With its drifting cloud-shadows, and waves of heat wavering and changing in the burning sunlight, it seems like some great, restless ocean; an unbounded sea of sand, across which no one may venture.

But across the changing sands and masses of gray rock, through cactus and sage brush, the trail, made by centuries of patient travel, winds along. Wewa and his mother ride on, with no thought of the dreary country around them. It is home and native land to them, and they would choose no other place, if they could.

Soon Wewa's father passes them, riding his pony; he has been sent out hunting, and will return in the evening, perhaps, with a rabbit over his shoulder. At the bottom of the mesa, they stop to water the donkeys at the great reservoir or spring among the rocks, and soon after a pack train comes from the

pueblo, and stops for water. The patient donkeys are loaded with bags of grain, rolls of blankets, and baskets and mats, made from the long, tough grass which grows in the distant valleys.

WEWA'S FATHER.

Every one must do a share of the day's labor; for there are no drones, no idlers, in these curious towns, these great hives of human bees. All are laborers; and all obey the commands of the governor of their little community.

They are not like the wild Indians of the plains, who leave

all the work to the women; the Moqui or Pueblo Indian would be ashamed to do that. The men who are too old to work in the fields, or go with the pack trains to the nearest white man's town, to buy those articles which they cannot provide for themselves, sit in the rooms and spin, or weave, or knit. The herders, who drive the cows and sheep to the nearest pasture, often take their knitting work with them. While watching the cattle, lest they stray from the herd and are lost, they knit the coarse, strong stockings which they all wear.

A HERDER.

As the patient little donkey follows the path to the distant fields, Wewa turns to look back at his home, perched upon the top of the mesa, like an eagle's nest upon some lofty mountain peak. Then, though he nearly slips off the back of the little donkey in doing so, he waves his hand to the watchman, who sits upon the highest part of the house-top.

The watchman is an old, old man; but his eyes are keen and bright. Should a band of Navajos, or Apaches, come

riding across the plain, he would see them long before they reached the mesa. The alarm would then be given, the ladders drawn up, and the gateway barred, completely shutting out the enemy.

Then Wewa turns to look at another rock which rises seven hundred feet into the air, not far from the mesa upon which his own home is built. That is the mesa Encantata, (enchanted table-land), and his great-grandfather has many times told him the story of that strange rock, rising so abruptly from the desert sands.

Many hundreds of years ago, great torrents of water swept through the valleys, destroying everything in their path. From the tops of the great mountains rising in towers, domes and spires upon either side of the plain, fire and smoke poured forth night and day. The forefathers of Wewa sought refuge from these dangers upon the summit of the Encantata.

Here they lived in peace and safety for many generations. The great leaning rock upon one side of the Encantata, made a "stone ladder," solid and secure for the patient feet of those who daily climbed the steep stairway, laden with food and water from the valleys below.

After a long time the people built a summer home beside a stream running through a fertile valley, some miles from the Encantata. Here in summer they pastured their flocks and

herds, and planted their fields and gardens, returning to their lofty home for the winter months.

Then came a summer when for a long time no rain fell, and the fertile valley was almost as dry and desolate as the gray sands of the desert. Still these people carried water from the river, and from streamlets and springs far away, and strove to keep alive their gardens and fields of grain.

One night a terrible storm arose, and the wind swept fiercely over the plains, and through the mountain gorges. Their little valley was protected from the wind, but the torrent of rain beat down their crops, and swept away many of their adobe houses. Sadly the people gathered together what was left of their crops and herds, and returned to their home upon the great rock. But, alas! storm and wind had done their work here also, and the leaning rock, the stone staircase, the only road by which their lofty home could be reached, lay shattered upon the plain, and they were homeless.

But the people were not discouraged. Quietly, patiently, they went to work cutting steps in the solid sandstone, and clearing a pathway through sand and broken rocks to the top of the great Acoma rock. This rock is four hundred feet high, with an area of seventy acres upon its top. Here they built a new home; and here, for over four hundred years their people

have lived and died in this strange city of the rocks; this wind-swept town almost above the clouds.

Looking back at his lofty home, thinking of what his people have accomplished by their patience and industry, little Wewa feels just as proud of his nation, as the little white boy does of his, when listening to the stories of Concord and Lexington, or looking at the Bunker Hill monument.

By this time our little Indians have reached the fields where their father and older brothers are at work. Outside the low wall, built of mud and stones, which surrounds their fields and gardens, they turn their donkeys loose to feed on the coarse grass growing in scattered bunches upon the sandy plain. Then the baskets are carried into the garden, and sitting under the shade of the peach or pear trees, they eat their dinner together.

They have corn bread, baked in thin sheets on hot stones, and then rolled up closely; graham bread, baked in the curious dome-shaped ovens; beans stewed with peppers and onions; beef, or mutton, which has been cut into thin strips and quickly dried in the hot air of the desert. Perhaps they also have dried peaches or apricots, that have been stewed in one of the pretty earthen bowls, which the Pueblo women make of clay, and paint with the end of a small stick.

After dinner the men return to their work, hoeing the corn and beans, or turning the water from the river into the little

ditches running through the gardens, and watering the melon, pumpkin, and squash vines, which already cover the ground with their broad, green leaves.

BAKING POTTERY.

The land beside the river, or that which lies below a large reservoir, can be watered by irrigation; that is, by water carried in little ditches through the fields and gardens to the roots of the thirsty plants and vines. But not all the land can be

watered in this way, for some of it lies far from the reservoirs, and higher than the rivers. Here they must depend upon the dew, or occasional showers of rain to make their seeds and plants grow.

Sometimes when the summer is very hot and dry, the women will carry water from the rivers or reservoirs, in great "Tinajos," or water-jars, and water the corn, and beans, and vines, so that they may not die. Though these tinajos are large and heavy, the women will balance them, full of water, upon their heads, and walk so straight and steady, never touching the jars with their hands, that not a drop of water will be spilled.

Wewa and Arna run through the garden, paddling in the little streams of water. Sometimes they stop to build a tiny dam, just as little white boys love to do. Then they splash and bathe in the cool river. When they are tired, they climb to the top of the rock where one of the men is always stationed to watch for the wild Navajos.

These are a tribe of hostile Indians who delight to sweep down upon the poor Pueblo Indians. They rob their orchards, trample their fields and gardens, and drive off their ponies and cattle.

The visits of the Navajos are dreaded by the Pueblo Indians, for they are often left without horses, sheep or cattle,

and must go to work and make money enough to buy more. Sometimes they complain to the government, and perhaps horses and cattle will be given them to replace those which the Navajos

have stolen, or the United States soldiers may be sent after the thieves, to make them return the stolen property if it can be found.

Little Thur-be-say sits in the shade, making mud pies, and

spreading them upon a flat stone to dry. Was there ever a little girl who did not love to make mud pies? The delight of the small cook is the same, whether she is a little brown girl spreading mud upon a flat stone to dry, or a little white girl patting the mud in a little round tin and turning it out to dry upon a shingle.

At last the sun sinks behind the tops of the distant mountains, and their great shadows stretch slowly across the desolate sands, until river, fields, and gardens are shaded. The busy workmen know it is now time to leave their toil, and turn their steps homeward. Then the women gather up their baskets and their babies, the boys bring the patient little donkeys to the garden wall, and they are soon riding toward the mesa. The children laugh and chatter as gayly as their white brothers and sisters do, when returning from a picnic.

These little brown children have merry times playing together. Their parents are very kind to them, and a Pueblo child is scarcely ever punished, and seldom needs to be. Obedience to parents, and respect for the aged, seems to be born in these queer little Americans, and they never forget it. There is not a "spoiled child" to be found among them. Even the little, fat, black-eyed babies do not kick and cry as most babies do; though that may be because they are so well cared for.

The only cradle of the Pueblo babies is a board cushioned

with moss and grasses. They are wrapped in soft skins and fastened to it with embroidered bands. It is then hung from a bough of the peach tree, that baby may swing in the shade, or from the low rafters of the room, where the wondering eyes watch the busy mother at her work.

When tired of this, there is always a big sister, a grandmother, or a grandfather ready to "tote" the baby up and down the terraces, or around the square within the village. Slung in a blanket on the backs of their attendants, their big eyes and plump faces smiling with delight, they are pictures of content. Even the fathers and big brothers do not think it beneath their dignity to trot around the village, giving baby a ride upon their backs, and the little ones crow and squeal over the fun.

Slowly the bands of laborers return from their day's work. The loads of wood are carried to the courtyard. The patient donkeys stand waiting until their loads are removed, when they will be watered

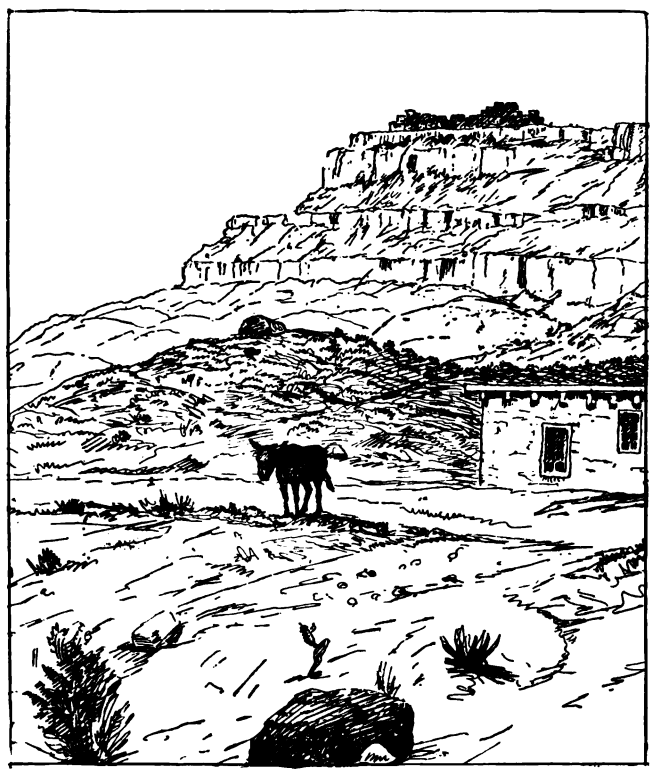
at the spring among the rocks, and then placed in the corral. This corral is made of poles and rocks, upon the side of the mesa, around the ruins of an old church, built many, many years ago, while the Spaniards still ruled this curious people. Here, too, the cattle and sheep are confined in pens at night, lest they wander away, or "Honan" (the bear) or "Shahue" (the coyote) destroy them.

After the cattle, and ponies, and flocks of sheep are safely cared for, the laborers climb the steep pathway to the top of the mesa, glad that their day's work is done, and that they are free to rest in their little homes. Soon the house-tops are covered with people, chatting together and enjoying the cool evening air. From windows some look out upon the distant plains. Others sit beside their doors quietly resting before supper is ready.

Smoke rises from each dwelling, where the busy housewives are preparing the evening meal over fires of wood, brought from the distant plains, or of sage brush. Without this strange plant of the desert, the Indians would often suffer for want of fuel. It is a curious plant, something like a great oak crushed down nearly flat, being only about three feet high, and yet bearing flowers like the Artemisia.

In the storerooms, girls are shelling corn; and the rattle of the flat stones, where women are pounding the kernels of corn

into meal, can be heard all over the village. Three women work side by side grinding corn. The first one breaks the ker-



ON THE MESA.

nels into two or three pieces; the next woman grinds it into coarse meal, while the third rubs the meal between flat stones, until it is as fine as flour.

Upon one of the roofs a woman is winnowing grain. From an earthern bowl, held above her head, she pours the grain onto a blanket spread upon the house-top. The wind blows the chaff away, while the grain falls upon the blanket. In this way wheat and rye are prepared for bread, and for the market.

The Pueblos have a curious way of threshing their grain — a very old-fashioned way indeed — for you can read in the Bible that the Jews in olden times threshed their grain in the same way. The ground is made smooth and hard within an enclosure, which is about the size of a circus ring, and formed by long poles driven into the ground. From pole to pole, ropes of raw-hide are stretched, and upon these ropes, blankets or brush are sometimes hung, to make the slight enclosure seem stronger. Then a number of horses or goats are driven round and round the ring, trampling the grain under their feet. Tramping all day, they will thresh out twenty bushels of grain, and it is then winnowed as you have seen.

But now let us take another peep at the inside of little Wewa's home. The room is about twenty feet square, and seven feet high. In one corner is the open fireplace, about which lie earthen dishes, large and small, and iron pots used for cooking. Upon one side is a large pile of piñon branches, mesquite roots, and sagebrush for fuel.

Along one side of the room is the bed, made of skins and

WINNOWING GRAIN.

blankets spread upon the floor. Under it are hidden the most precious treasures.

From the rafters hangs the baby's cradle, and near it are festoons of many-colored ears of corn, red peppers, dried meat, bunches of grass and feathers, blankets, and the extra clothing belonging to the family. The floor is of hard cement, and the walls are painted white, with a broad band of bright yellow around the room, about two feet from the floor.

When the supper is cooked, it is placed in a great earthen bowl and set upon a low box or bench in the middle of the room. Around this the family gather, sitting upon their heels upon the floor, and dipping out of the dish with those queer little rolls of corn bread, which were baked upon hot stones, and which make spoons for these strange people. They finish their meal by eating up the spoons also.

Outside the door a young Indian is playing upon a rude flute, hoping his music will please Poolitcie, Wewa's pretty oldest sister. Upon a blanket, in a warm corner near the fireplace, Wewa's great-grandfather sits, telling the children the story of Co-tu-ki-nu-ni-wa, "The Heart of the Stars," who is the "All-wise" or Good Spirit worshiped by these people. This is the story he tells them:

"Far above the highest cliffs, above the tallest trees which grow upon the mountain tops, above the highest peaks of the

greatest mountains, lives Co-tu-ki-nu-ni-wa, 'The Heart of the Stars!' He is the father of all those who dwell upon the rocks.

"He loves his children and would send to them nothing but good; but that he cannot always do, for Balilokon is sometimes stronger than he, and wills evil.

"Now Balilokon, the 'Spirit of Evil,' the 'Great Water Snake,' lives in all waters; in the rains and snows, the rivers and springs, the sap in the trees, and even in the blood in our bodies.

"It would not be right to always call Balilokon a Spirit of Evil, for sometimes he is not so. When he is pleased, the mists and rains fall gently and the sap runs lustily through plants and trees, giving them vigorous growth; the springs and rivers are full, but clear, giving abundance of good water to the people and their flocks, and the blood flowing in our children's veins is the blood of health. But Balilokon is sometimes angered and the rains come not at all, or in deluges that destroy the plants and grain; the rivers are dry, or are raging floods sweeping away our flocks and our orchards; the sap is withdrawn from the plants and trees and they die, and the blood of our people flows through their veins filled with the poison of fever.

"There have been times when the anger of Balilokon was so great that no prayers, no ceremonies, could appease. Then hundreds of our people went down to death. One time, away in the morning of the world, so many moons ago, that our oldest,

wisest men cannot tell how many, he sent a great flood that covered nearly all the earth, and but very few of the people, and not many of the beasts were saved.

"Co-tu-ki-nu-ni-wa will always love us, and help us all he can, because we are his children; but Balilokon has the power to do much harm and evil, so we must pray most to him."

This is the story often told to the little brown children of the Pueblos. They must learn to repeat all the traditions and stories of their people without a mistake. They have no written language, no printed books, no carved or engraved tablets of stone or metal, to tell of their beliefs and histories, their legends and traditions. All must be told by one generation to another.

There are many, many legends and stories which they repeat in this way, for the Indian fills the mountain cañon, the roaring, leaping river, the rocky caves, the mountain-top with its tall trees, the distant valley and every cliff and mesa with mysterious life — with strange people — giants, dwarfs, hob-goblins and fairies. He believes they inhabited this earth in years long gone by, before man was created.

When one of their number dies, they say that Massau, the King of Death, has called him, and they have many angels, or good spirits, whom they believe were once wise and good Indians. They have many images, or idols, made of clay or wood, and gayly painted, which they call Cachinas, and which, they say,

Nos. 1, 2, and 7, Cachinas. Nos. 3 and 5, Clay Gods. No. 4, Boomerang. No. 6, Headdress of Goddess.

"once lived in the long morning twilight of the earth's age." These gods stand in rows upon stone shelves or in little niches built into the walls of the rooms.

Then they teach the children songs which they sing when they have their religious dances. Here is a little song to Balilokon when they wish rain for their corn-fields:

"Now come rain! Now come rain!
Fall upon the mountain; sink into the ground.
By and by the springs are made
Deep beneath the hills.
There they hide and thence they come,
Out into the light: down into the stream.

"Look to the hills! Look to the hills!
The clouds are hanging there,
They will not come away;
But look, look again. In time they will come to us
And spread over all the pueblo."

Sometimes the children dance merrily in their play, and sing this little song, which they have heard the young men sing in their dances:

"Look at us! Look at us!
Notice our endurance!
Watch our steps and time and grace,
Look at us! Look at us!"

There are Catholic Missions still kept up among some of the Pueblo Indians, and some of their villages have a Chapel. Although the people attend the services, they still cling to their own religion, keep their queer images and hold religious dances.

One of their legends tells that all men were once animals, or trees, or birds, and were changed by their gods into human beings; but each family, or clan, still keeps its name. So there are the Snake family, the Antelope family, the Butterfly family, and many others. The Snake family is highest and best, because they are descendants of Balilokon; and the Snake dance is the most important, and most famous part of their worship. It is really a plea, or prayer, to the Great Water God, for plenty of rain, and good crops, and is held in August of every other year.

Before this dance commences, the men of the Snake family, and of the Antelope family, which stands next to the Snakes in rank, are shut up for eight days in one of the rooms with no opening except from the top, called an estufa, or kiva. Here they are given bitter medicine to drink, but no food, until the day of the dance. This bitter medicine is made from some plant or herb, known only to the Indians, and called Mah-que-ba. After drinking it for several days, the bite of the ugly rattlesnake cannot harm them.

Six days before the dance, the Snake men go down the

mesa into the desert plain eastward, and hunt among the rocks, sagebrush and cactus for the snakes. Upon finding one, the hunter tickles the angry snake with the "bahoo" or "snake whip," made of eagles' feathers, until it turns to run; then he snatches it up and puts it into a leather bag. On the next day he hunts to the north; the third day to the west; the fourth day to the south, for that is the way their traditions teach them to do.

The captured snakes are kept in a room by themselves until the day of the dance. Around the springs and reservoirs the Antelope men scatter "prayer sticks." These are little sticks with small feathers fastened to them, and they call each feather a prayer. Then they gather branches of cottonwood and build a little tent with a blanket for the door, which they call a "boskay." In this the leather bag filled with snakes is placed. Just in front of the boskay a shallow hole is dug and an old blanket laid over it. This hole represents Shi-pa-pu, the great "Block Lake of Tears," a name so sacred to the Indian, that he never speaks it aloud, for from this lake, their legends say, the human race first came.

Not far from the snake tent, or "boskay," stands the sacred rock around which the dancers must pass. This rock was formed ages ago, when the great mesa was overflowed, and the washing of waves wore it away, leaving it in its present shape.

ORNAMENTS WORN BY THE SNAKE DANCERS.

When the day of the dance arrives the Indians of the Snake order comb out their long hair, and fasten eagle plumes upon their heads. Then they put on a short skirt made of deer-skin, fringed moccasins upon their feet, and tie a rattle, made of turtle shells and sheep's toe-nails, above their knees. A fox skin is fastened to the belt, hanging down behind, and the Indian dancer steps proudly out, dressed in all his finery.

The Antelope order march in first, led by their chief and with long sashes tied about their waists. They stand in line beside the boskay, waiting for the Snake dancers. Then enters the leader of the Snake dancers, followed by his men, and standing before the Antelopes they chant their song to Balilokon. The priests now sprinkle the sacred rock with water, and the snakes are sprinkled with meal. Each snake dancer then takes a snake in his hand, or in his mouth, holding it just back of its head, and the great dance begins.

All the roofs and terraces are covered with people watching this great dance, but only the Snake and Antelope orders take part in it. Some of the dancers are little boys, only four and five years old, and they think it a great honor to take part in this ceremony. Should one of the snakes get away, and go squirming toward the spectators, there would be a great scrambling to get out of its way; for only those who drink

the bitter medicine are unharmed by the bite of this ugly creature.

In the evening, after the dance is ended, the snake dancers carry the snakes far out upon the desert, and let them go; for it would be a crime for any of them to kill a snake. Sometimes a very large rattlesnake is confined in some rocky cave, and kept there several years, the Indians feeding it with meal once a year.

These Indians hold a Christmas dance on the twenty-second of December, in honor of their Sun God. Only a few men dance this, and they are of the Sun order; but there is the harvest dance, in August, in which all take part. It is called the Tablita, or Corn Dance, and is the only ceremony in which the women take part. It is one of their happiest days, the gayest festival of the year, the day when all the weddings take place, and there are cakes, candies, and fruit, besides all the good dishes the Indian woman knows how to cook.

The women wear curious head-dresses, with pictures of clouds, lightning, and their favorite snake painted upon them. They always paint the snake with clouds and lightning around it, for they say the lightning is caused by the snake striking the clouds with his tail, and the thunder is the sound of the blow.

Branches of pine or cedar are carried by the women, who wear their best dresses, all their coral, turquoise and silver beads,

and new boots or leggins. These leggins are made of pure white deer skin, cut in long strips and wound round and round the ankles. They make a complete covering, so thick and strong that no angry rattlesnake can strike his deadly fangs through into the flesh.

The men dress much as they do for the snake dance, except a few who dress as clowns and make a great deal of sport for the rest.

After the dance is over, they have foot races, pony races, chicken races, and games of ball. There is no quarrelling, no angry words, and no drunkenness. They are a people without lawyers or jails, without crimes or punishments; patient, peaceful, industrious and moral.

There is one other festival kept by the Indians, which is a day of peace and rest, and of quiet visiting among themselves. This is their Day of the Dead, a day when they visit their desolate cemeteries, just as we do on Memorial Day, but instead of decorating the graves with flowers, as we do, they carry baskets of food with them. When the Spaniards first saw these Indians, hundreds of years ago, they celebrated this "Day of the Dead," and the Spaniards called it the "*Fiesta de los Muertos*," meaning feast, or festival, of the dead.

Three days before this festival begins, the Indian women build fires in those queer mud ovens. When the inside is very

hot, the coals and ashes are swept out, the floor of the oven is washed with a little mop, and bread and cakes made in many shapes, are placed inside. The door is then closed with a large, flat stone, and sealed with mud. After a time the bread and cakes are taken out, crisp and delicious, ready for the feast.

ARRANGING THE HAIR.

At dawn, upon the Day of the Dead, the old, white-haired Indian who acts as sexton, climbs to the towers of the church, and strikes with a hammer upon the bells hanging in the arches. There are no ropes to ring the bells, and no tongues inside them.

They are remnants of bygone days, and no one living remembers when the Spanish placed them there.

When the bells begin to ring, you will see the people coming out upon the roofs, and terraces, of their strange dwellings. The women wash their long, soft, black hair, and carefully arrange it for each other. The married women comb it across their foreheads, while the young women twist theirs into a strange puff upon each side, which looks very much like a cart-wheel, or a squash-blossom.

Along the great square of the village, long lines of women soon begin to come, dressed in their finest clothing, and wearing all their jewelry and ornaments. Each woman bears upon her head a beautifully woven basket, filled with the bread and cakes she has made. Beside these there are funny little turnovers filled with stewed dried peaches; dried bunches of grapes, sweet as raisins; watermelons, whole or sliced; peaches, quinces, pears, apples and onions, while ears of corn stand up in a row around the edge of the basket.

Slowly the procession marches through the gate in the wall, at the back of the church, which is the entrance to their strange cemetery. There are no headstones here, no grass grown mounds, just a smooth gravel surface, but each woman seems to know just where the bones of her loved ones are buried. Going to the spot, she sets down her basket upon the

grave, kneels beside it, and lights a number of candles around the basket. Then she covers her head with her blanket or shawl and weeps quietly, while, as she really believes, the spirits of her loved ones come and eat of the dainties she has brought.

Soon the priest comes from the little chapel, pauses at each grave, sprinkles holy water upon it, and repeats a prayer for the dead. As he passes to the next, the woman rises, places her basket on her head, and carries it to the house of the priest, and gives its contents to his housekeeper. The food given to the priest at this festival fills a large store-room, and the *padre's* (priest) housekeeper will not need to bake for a long time.

With the blessing of the last grave, the services of the Day of the Dead close, and the people of the village settle down to enjoy a day of rest. This is something rare with them, for they are a very industrious people, and always busy with their farms, their orchards, their houses, and their spinning and weaving, except on their few holidays.

Thus little Wewa and his friends lead very quiet, uneventful lives; but one bright day in summer something very strange and unusual happened in his village, of which I must tell you. The children had seen a great many white people — the Indian Agents, the census takers, the soldiers crossing the plains, and sometimes white people came just to visit these curious villages perched like swallows' nests upon the cliffs, and to see the

strange people who chose to live so high upon the mountain side. They cared little about these people, who spoke a strange language, and came from another world, so the children thought. But on this particular morning it was different.

The children were playing in the square, some chasing the dogs and cats and chickens, or climbing on the back of some patient little burro for a ride. Others ran over the terraces and housetops, careless of the peaches and pumpkins spread out to dry. Still others, among them little Wewa and his chum Arna, were just going down the steep roadway to play by the reservoir, and run out upon the plain. Their mother called to them, warning them to be very careful, lest Chia — the rattlesnake — bite them, and Arna's mother called to them again saying: "Do not go far out upon the plain, Pa-puk-ke-wis may carry you away to his cave in the great mountains."

The little boys promised to be careful. They were not much afraid of Chia, the medicine man could cure his bite; but Pa-puk-ke-wis, that was different. Did not every one remember how little Tahia ran out upon the plains one evening, and was never seen again? Of course Pa-puk-ke-wis (the Wild Man of the Plains) had taken him; no one doubted that, so they would be sure not to wander far, and away they scampered.

Down at the foot of the mesa, stood a cart with which some of the men were about to draw hay to the corrals. The boys

were eager to take a ride, but coming up the steep path were a number of white men, and down on the plain stood a wagon, with a number of children in it, and white men standing beside it.

Wewa and Arna ran back to their homes, eager to tell their mothers of the visitors. Eona, Arna's sister, came running to look at the strangers who were now standing in the square, talking with La-lo-la-my, the governor of the village. The children wondered what they were talking about, and why old La-lo-la-my shook his head and looked so sad and stern. Soon all the people of the village were called into the square, and the governor told them that the white men were agents sent by the Government of the United States to take their children, and place them in the Indian School not far away.

Then what an outcry arose! The mothers gathered their children around them, scolding and crying all together. The fathers talked angrily to the agents. "Why," they said, "should our children be taken from our homes to the white man's school, and taught the things we care nothing about? Our lands, our homes, our customs and our religion are our own. Our forefathers left them to us. They have belonged to our people for many ages, long before the white man came here. We do not drive the white man from his lands, we do not take away

his springs and the valleys where he pastures his cattle; but all this the white man has done to the Indian, and now he wishes to take away our children. It cannot be!

"We are willing our children should be taught to speak, and read, and write the language of the white man, that they may be able to deal with him and not be cheated; but we are not willing they should be taught to despise the religion and customs of their own people.

"If you will build a school near our village so that our children may return to their own homes at night, as the children of the white men do, we will let them go; but we do not want them taken so far away from us."

But the agents would not listen. They had been sent to do this work, and the children must go. The little ones ran and hid, but the men found them. They took them in their arms, carried them down to the plain, and put them in the wagons, around which was a guard of the soldiers. Some of the fathers tried to take the children from the wagons, but these the soldiers arrested, and they were afterwards made to work upon the roads.

The little children were taken several miles away, and placed in the school. Here the teachers were very kind to them. A nice warm supper was waiting for them, and they had clean little beds to sleep in, instead of skins and blankets on the

floor. After a few days they played merrily with the other children, and seemed to enjoy their new life.

After they had been at the school about a week, their mothers came riding over to see them, and brought them melons, peaches and little cakes. The teachers made the mothers welcome, and showed them all through the rooms. When they saw how happy their children looked, and what pleasant rooms they lived in, they returned to their homes feeling much better satisfied with the white man's school.

But the older Indians say that the children who are sent away to school are never content at home afterwards. They do not like to go to work, but would rather stand around, and they think themselves much better than those of their people who have no education. It makes them lazy, and the Pueblo Indian hates laziness. He is not like the wild Indians of the plains, who would rather steal than work.

Perhaps it will not be that way with Wewa and Arna. Let us hope they may grow wiser and better at the school, learning good ways, and not evil ones, from the white people. Looking back once more at the queer village perched upon the rocks, like the nest of the eagle which they often capture and keep in cages, we will wish for our little Indian friends and for their gentle, patient people peace and happiness.

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